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THE ART OF MATRIMONY.

"DO YOU EXPECT YOUR MARRIAGE TO BE A HAPPY ONE, DEAR?"
"O YES; I GUESS SO. BUT IF IT ISN'T, JACK HAS PROMISED EITHER A DIVORCE OR SUICIDE, SO YOU SEE I'M REALLY NOT RUNNING MUCH RISK."

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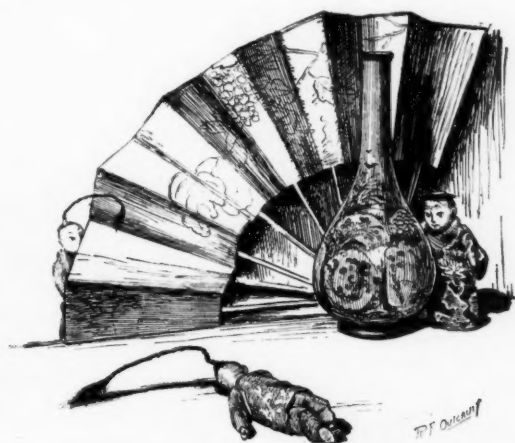


He: WHAT DO YOU REGARD AS MOST ESSENTIAL—BEAUTY OR WEALTH?
 She: WELL—ER—I'D MARRY WEALTH, IF I WERE YOU.



UNACCOUNTABLE.

"BILLY, KIN YER TELL ME WHY IT IS WHEN THE RICH FOLKS KIN AFFORD TO BUY ALL THE CLOTHIN' THEY WANT FOR THEIRSELVES THAT THEY PREFER TO GO NAKED?"



A TRAGEDY IN STILL LIFE.

SKIT SKAT: Dead! Dead for a ducat—dead! See what a rent the envious Biff Bang made. Behold yon sawdust streaming from his side. Ah! I could weep the paint from out mine eyes. I am a widder.

BIFF BANG: The deed is done. Thank Heaven, also, it is signed and recorded. Me trusty darning-needle hath done its work. (Emerging from behind the fan.) Skitty Skatty—

SKIT SKAT: You?

BIFF BANG: Oui! Yes! Yah!

SKIT SKAT: (Aside.) How touching! (To B. B.) Is this your work?

BIFF BANG: Si, Signorita!

SKIT SKAT: Why was it done?

BIFF BANG: To save you the necessity of a divorce, my darlingski. Take up the darning-needle again or take up me.

SKIT SKAT: Come to me arrums.

BIFF BANG: Zounds! My machinery hath run down. I cannot move. Perdition take the Frenchman that made me.

SKIT SKAT: So has mine. I cannot move an inch.

BIFF BANG: Farewell—

SKIT SKAT: Forever.

Tom Hall.

IN CHICAGO.

STRANGER: Whose little girl are you?

FLORENCE: I'm papa's little girl.

STRANGER: And why aren't you mamma's little girl?

FLORENCE: 'Cause the decree gave me to papa.

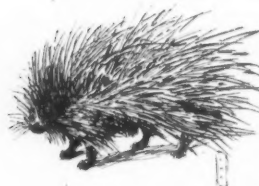


"While there's Life there's Hope."

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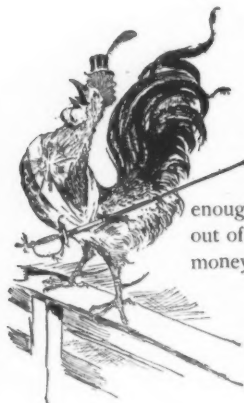
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O it is excellent

To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

AND that is one reason why Uncle Samuel should very much prefer not come to blows with Chili if he can reasonably help it. Another reason is that the Chilians are a bumptious, upstart lot, who would rather fight than eat, and seldom know when they have been adequately thrashed. Some of them, moreover, are armed with the new kind of rifle which will drive a single bullet through three soldiers in succession, and perforate an ordinary breastwork as easily as a knitting-needle goes into a straw-stack. In the survey of South America, Chili was badly gerrymandered and stretches along the coast after the pattern of a shoe-string over a district sixty miles wide and some 2,000 miles long. Inasmuch as pretty much the whole country can be reached by missiles from the sea, the lazy Chilian's luxurious notion is to have Uncle Sam's warships sail up and down the shore and do his fall ploughing for him with round and conical shot. It would be laborious and costly ploughing for Uncle Sam, and LIFE trusts he may not have to undertake it.



THERE is nothing to be got from thrashing Chili, except sore heads. If we hit her too hard we will be ashamed, afterwards, because she is so small. We will be ashamed, also, if we don't hit her hard enough. There is nothing to be made out of her that we want—no glory, no money, no territory. All we could get would be experience, and it is better to get that at second hand. The general sense of comfort in the Chilian matter is

not increased by any over-confidence in the Administration's trustworthiness in giving us the facts. The Administration is looking for re-election, and it is obliged to back up its appointee, Minister Egan. Under these circumstances it is not strange that some people think that possibly our sailors misconducted themselves.

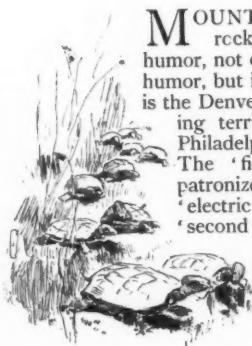


THAT is why LIFE would rejoice to welcome Patrick Egan back to his dear country's arms, and to see Dr. Chauncey Depew speeding the shortest way to take his place. There seems no reason to doubt that Mr. Egan was carefully naturalized before he went to Chili. But as a pacificator he does not seem to be a momentous success. Now, Dr. Depew has a wonderfully oleaginous effect upon troubled waters. After he had dined with the boss Chilians a few times and told them stories, and talked about a through line from Santiago to Chicago and New York, the Chilians would lose interest in war, and the swelling would go out of their heads, and they would apologize and settle, and we might go another quarter century without firing an angry gun.

If Dr. Depew couldn't go, there's Mr. Joseph Choate. Of course it would cost something to send *him*, but just think what it costs to fire off some of our new big guns. Even Mr. Choate talks cheaper than heavy artillery.

LIFE prefers that there should be no war, and, having that preference, it finds satisfaction in the thought that the House of Representatives is Democratic. There will have to be good cause for fighting before a Democratic House lets a Republican administration get into a fight.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT says the Bible is a book of experiences, not of opinions. Dr. Abbott might go further and add that it is a condition, not a theory, that awaits us.



MOUNTAIN humor is sometimes rather rocky, especially Rocky Mountain humor, not only in being different from plain humor, but in other respects as well. Here is the *Denver Times* indulging in the following terrible attempt: "Electric cars in Philadelphia seem strangely inconsistent. The 'first families' cannot afford to patronize anything that sounds so fast as 'electric cars.' By the way, are there any 'second families' in Philadelphia society?"

It is a current belief in Philadelphia that all of her "second families" became extinct by emigrating in a body to Denver and other points in Colorado.
—*Philadelphia Press*.

Tut, tut, Philadelphia! Don't get cross. Just think how much more fun the humorists have made of Chicago and Boston.



OHIO POLITICS
By A NARROW MARGIN.



TRENCH
DELIBERATIVE
BODY
IN SESSION.



KIPLING
CAPITULATES.



A PEACEABLE OLD BIRD.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S bride has assumed a heavy responsibility if she proposes to get even with her husband for all the disagreeable things he has said about her country and its people.

THOSE Ohio politicians are always going to whip John Sherman, but when it comes right down to counting the actual votes cast, the old gentleman invariably manages to show an electing majority in his own favor.

THAT mysterious ally of the doctors and undertakers, called the grip, has been trying to beat its own record. The only trouble about the grip is that it expends its force in the wrong directions.

JOHN BULL has a fashion of grabbing all he can and keeping all he grabs. France is just now being made unpleasantly aware of that great British fact.

THE American Eagle is ordinarily a peaceful old *haliaetus leucocephalus*, but there's a tradition all the same that he can fight. But it's doubtful if he wants to fight just to help little Mr. Harrison.

THAT'S right, Cardinal. She hasn't a friend on earth.



GREAT
HARVESTS.



GO IT,
GIBBONS!



J'Y SUIS, J'Y RESTE.

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK.



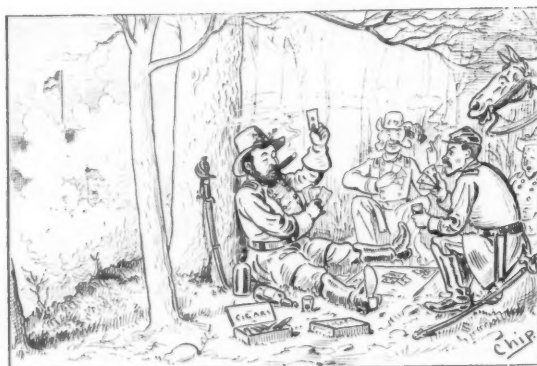
FEBRUARY 1ST, 1746.

THE TWO BLACK PRINCES OF ANAMABOE INTRODUCED TO KING GEORGE II.



* FEBRUARY 3D, 813 B. C.

ÆNEAS OFFERED HIMSELF TO DIDO.



FEBRUARY 6TH, 1862.

GENERAL GRANT TAKES FORT HENRY.

*The editor wishes to state that, although no documentary evidence fixes the date of this interesting event with any degree of certainty, he feels justified in selecting February third, as Æneas's well known tact and delicacy would naturally prompt him to select this month; and his knowledge that three was a lucky number, would also be a strong temptation for him.

BOOKISHNESS

SOME RESULTS OF BEING HONEST.

WITHOUT collecting statistics on the question it would seem to the casual observer of current literature that one result of the new Copyright Law has been to encourage the republication, in this country, of only the better class of English books. If the American publisher has to pay for a thing he wants it as good as possible for the money; and, other things being equal, he will probably prefer an American book, as likely to please the tastes of the largest number of American readers.

The clause in the law which compels the resetting of the book in this country, seems also to tend toward putting American and English writers on equal footing in the competition. For if English sheets or plates could be imported, duty free, the English writer would find himself on American book-stalls at a cheaper cost per copy than his American brother, and his book would be chosen by an American publisher rather than an equally good American book, because of the greater profit.

On the other hand this equality of competition has put the American writer under the necessity of doing his very best—for in a contest with the best class of English books he has nothing in his favor except his Americanism. Before the new law, the honest American publisher (who always paid a royalty to the English author), might see greater ultimate profit in a mediocre native book, than in a very good English one that was sure to be pirated. Now he can make the same profit per copy on each and is equally protected.

In a word, the new law seems to have cut off the republication of a lot of English trash, and encouraged the republication of the best British books in finer editions than before. This puts the American writer exactly where he ought to have been long ago—in equal competition with the best English writers.

* * *

IN fiction the Law seems to have resulted in more well-printed books, in substantial cloth binding. A notable evidence of it is the "series of copyright novels by well-known authors, at the uniform price of one dollar per volume," which is in course of publication by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Kipling, Shorthouse, Rolf Boldrewood, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Clark Russell, are put before the American public in typography and paper which would not have been advisable a year ago.

Whether it is better for the American reader to be compelled to pay more for his novels is a question (like the higher price of those other stimulants—tea and coffee, wine and tobacco) to be settled by the social scientist and political economist.

So far, however, it seems certain that the new law has been of benefit to the American and English publishers and writers, and possibly to the American printer.

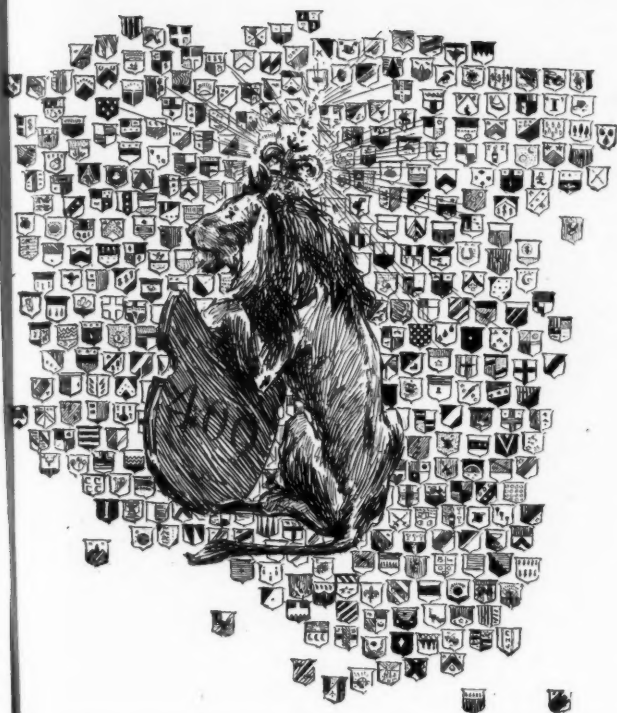
* * *

W. CLARK RUSSELL'S story "A Strange Elopement" (Macmillan), does not bear out some of the assertions made above—for it is *not* a good English novel, but a mediocre one. Before the Copyright Law it would have been satisfied to appear in paper at 25 cents; now it is in cloth for a dollar.

But it *ought* to have been a good story, for Mr. Russell is a writer of admirable sea tales, and this one gets into good company on his name.

There is a lot of conventional characters—the peppery English general on his way to India, his lovely but heart-broken daughter, and a lover who is brave and handsome but without the common sense of a school-boy. Consequently he is just the fellow to plan a romantic elopement, of a wholly impracticable kind—and that is the reason of the story.

Droch.



A RUDE SHOCK.

AS our eye fell upon a newspaper heading the other day, saying, "The Four Hundred All Lost!" we experienced a sensation of the keenest horror. It turned out to be the wreck of a Chinese ship, but that one terrible moment in which we supposed New York's plutocracy was really gone forever is not to be forgotten. It is painful to reflect upon what would become of this community if our cherished four hundred should really stray off in a body and never return. Local civilization would receive a blow in the face from which it would be difficult to recover. Moreover, their simple, earnest lives and unassuming manners are a precious example to the rising generation.

•SLAV ECONOMICS.

"WHAT course has Russia taken to relieve the famine?"

"Instead of increasing the supply of food, she prefers to thin out the population by compulsory emigration."

"JOBSON has a plan to make big money, he says."
"What is it?"

"A scheme to kidnap Blaine in a few months."

"Where does the money come in? His friends wouldn't be foolish enough to pay a ransom."

"Oh, but Jobson's idea is to threaten to turn him loose unless Harrison planks down."

NEW BOOKS.

PRINCESS ILSE. Translated from the German by Florence M. Cronise. Chicago: Albert, Scott and Company.

Friendship Essays. By Cicero, Bacon and Emerson. Chicago: Albert, Scott and Company.

Siberia and the Exile System. Two volumes. By George Kennan. New York: The Century Company.

Duchess Annette. By Max Maury. Chicago: Laird and Lee.

A Widower Indeed. By Rhoda Broughton and Elizabeth Bisland. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Holiday Stories. By Stephen Fiske. Boston: Benjamin R. Tucker.

A Southern Heritage. By Wm. Horace Brown. New York: Edward Brandus and Company.

An Automatic Wife. By Wm. Hosea Ballou. New York: W. D. Rowland

Tiddledywink Tales. By John Kendrick Bangs. Illustrated by Charles Howard Johnson. New York: R. H. Russell and Son.

Chatterbox, 1891. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Three volumes. By Charles Morris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Romance of a Châlet. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

ONE FOR HIS FRIEND.

BELL BOY: Gentleman in 400 wants another cocktail.

BARKEEPER: Why, he just had one.

BELL BOY: Yes. He says this is for the snake.

DAYLIGHT AHEAD.

BINGO: Wasn't the servant girl unusually pleasant this morning?

MRS. BINGO: Yes. Her beau called last night.

BINGO: See if you can't get him to come here and live.



ARABIAN REPARTEE.

SAY, TOMMY, LEND YERSELF TO ME. YER SO BOW-LEGGED YER'LL DO FOR A HOOP."

"YOU NEEDN'T TALK—YER ARE JEST EZ BOW-LEGGED EZ ME, ONLY YER ARE KNOCK-KNEED, TOO—HA!"

A CONSERVATIVE.

THE garden beds I wandered by
One bright and cheerful morn,
When I found a new-fledged Butterfly
A-sitting on a thorn:
A black and crimson Butterfly,
All doleful and forlorn!

I thought that life could have no sting
For infant butterflies,
So I gazed on this unhappy thing
In wonder and surprise,
While sadly with his waving wing,
He wiped his weeping eyes.

Said I: "What can the matter be?
Why weepest thou so sore,
With garden fair and sunlight free,
And flowers in goodly store?"
But he only turned away from me,
And burst into a roar.

Cried he: "My legs are thin and few,
Where once I had a swarm;
Soft, fuzzy fur, a joy to view,
Once kept my body warm,
Before these flapping wing-things grew
To hamper and deform!"

At that outrageous bug I shot
The fury of mine eye;
Cried I, in scorn all burning hot,
In rage and anger high—
"You ignominious idiot,
Those wings were made to fly!"



I do not want to fly," said he,
"I only want to squirm!"
And he drooped his wings dejectedly,
But still his voice was firm;
"I do not want to be a fly—
I want to be a worm!"

O yesterday of unknown lack,
To-day of unknown bliss!
I left my fool in red and black;
The last I saw was this—
The creature climbing madly back
Into his chrysalis!

Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

LIFE'S FAIRY TALES.

THE WEDDING THAT WASN'T.

YEAR or two ago there lived in Connecticut a man so superior that in his presence all nature was ill at ease. Birds were ashamed of their frivolity and hid their heads when they saw him coming. Dogs blushed for their aimless lives. It is reported that a pair of horses once tendered him an apology for not joining the church. He never touched alcohol or rested his elbows on the table, or played cards, or used slang expressions. He never encouraged anybody in anything for fear they might sin in doing it. When he smiled it was with one side of his mouth at a time. Having no faults he was detested by all who knew him, but as no one dared confess this, each supposed the others loved him. Of course he was wealthy. The gentle maiden he was to marry also detested him, but without fully realizing it, for she had been repeatedly congratulated by her parents on her good fortune in securing the love of such a perfect man, and she was too well brought up to doubt their statements.

When the wedding day arrived every pew in the village church was full.

Now, it happened all by chance, that Mr. Pinfeather Presto, a fairy of American parentage, was floating lazily along beneath the village elms that morning, disguised

OUR CARTOON.



OUR cartoon this week is merely the old, every day story in pictorial form. The physician has an immeasurable advantage over other professionals in that no one is the wiser for his blunders. Whether he kill or cure his reputation and his fee remain unchanged. This is a misfortune for the patient, and will so continue until the practicing physician is something more than human.

That prince of extortionists, the druggist, into whose hands the doctors play with a readiness and freedom for which there is no excuse, is one of the greediest humbugs of the day. With the feeling that you have the doctor, the certainty of being swindled by the druggist and the possibility of assistance from the undertaker, the prospects for the thoughtful patient are none too rosy.



"A LADY IN WAITING."

as a blue-bottle fly. When he neared the church, he saw at once some wedding was afoot, and he said to himself: "Here's for a look at her. I always did love a bride!" and he sailed boldly through the open door. Flying straight over the heads of the people until he was well in front, he looked about and then sat himself on the chancel rail. The great organ was pouring forth a wedding march, and all eyes were turned eagerly toward the entering bride. She was pretty, but very pale, and it seemed to Mr. Pinfeather Presto that, were it not for her father's arm, she would have sunk to the floor. A glance at the groom, and he recognized at once the Perfect Man. "That explains it!" he muttered angrily. "He'll nag her to death with his beastly goodness, and she knows it!" As his eyes fell again upon her unhappy face, his soul revolted at the sacrifice. "It's a shame!" he muttered; "and what's more, I'll stop it!" Then, acting upon a quick resolve he buzzed away to a distant corner of the church, and disappeared behind a column. In less than twenty seconds he emerged, this time as a beautiful golden



"THE BRIDE SWOONED DEAD AWAY."

swooned dead away and hung limp in her father's arms. The Perfect Man pushed rudely away the beautiful boy, and his own surprise and horror were taken for the embarrassment he would naturally display at the discovery of his guilt. All was tumult and confusion among the assembled friends, who quickly left the church to talk it over in each other's houses. A more enjoyable horror was never experienced in that particular village.

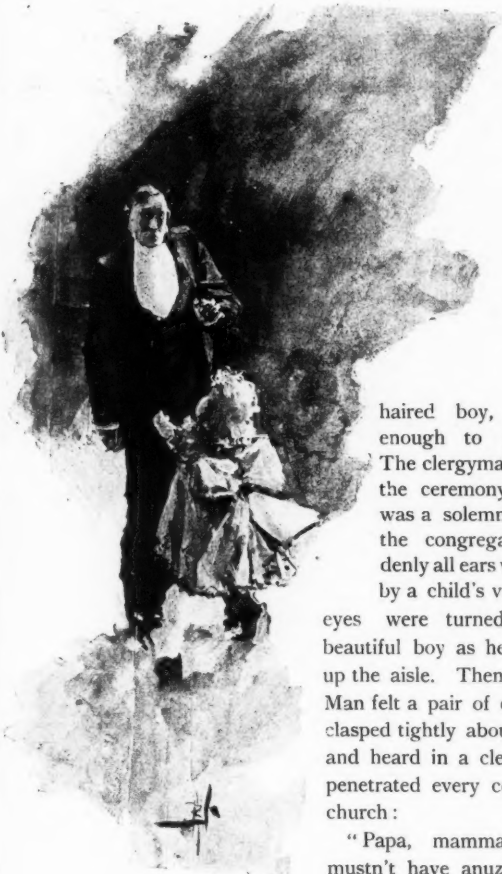
The maiden afterwards married the faulty young man she really loved, and they are still living happily together.

The beautiful boy was never seen again and to this day is believed to have been murdered by his father, who finally drowned himself to escape the contempt of his neighbors.

J. A. Mitchell.

DOCTOR (*to newly made father*): Sir, you are to be congratulated. You are the father of twins.

HAPPY PARENT (*doubtfully*): That's so. They might have been triplets.



haired boy, just big enough to run about.

The clergyman had begun the ceremony, and there was a solemn hush upon the congregation. Suddenly all ears were startled by a child's voice, and all eyes were turned upon the beautiful boy as he ran swiftly up the aisle. Then the Perfect Man felt a pair of chubby arms clasped tightly about his knees, and heard in a clear voice that penetrated every corner of the church:

"Papa, mamma says oo mustn't have anuzzer wife."

A thrill of horror swept over the congregation. The bride

"OO MUSTN'T HAVE ANUZZER WIFE."



TAKING A SPECIAL PARTNER.

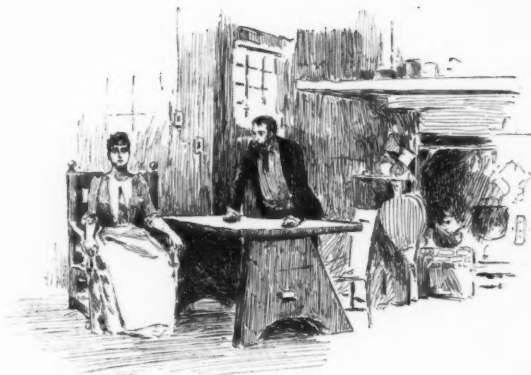


DOWN at the office, he acted as though
He had left his head up-town;
When he signs a check he doesn't know
That his name is Roger Brown.
He makes false entries upon the books,
And scratches with all his might,
While the clerks regard him with merry
looks—
For "He's to be married to-night!"

With sublime unconsciousness he fills
The waste paper basket with stocks,
And carefully lays the unpaid bills
In the Safe Deposit box.
He writes a letter; and spills the ink,
And gets in a woful plight;
And the office boy says, with a knowing
wink—

"He's goan ter get married ter-night!"

Harry Romaine.



KATHERINE AND GEOFFREY.

Audiences which are used to the greater subtleties of "society" drama will find in "Squire Kate" a relief for their over-worked imaginations.



SQUIRE KATE.

MR. DANIEL FROHMAN has given an exquisite setting to the most recent of what might be called his series of "Studies in English Life for American Theatre-goers." This time the particular phase exhibited is farm-life in Sussex. The pastoral surroundings amid which the

action goes on are portrayed faithfully we take it for granted, and certainly artistically. The Lyceum, which always sets its pieces well, has staged "Squire Kate" with thorough regard to effective detail and general harmony.

The play, which Mr. Buchanan frankly acknowledges is adapted from the French, is interesting throughout. The motives are rudimentary ones and work in the simple environment of country life. Everything is on the surface. Its characters are farmers and their kind, and they look and act what they feel.



THE SHEPHERD.



HIS LORDSHIP AND MR. NASH.

The main motives are the love of two sisters, *Katherine Thorpe* (Miss Cayvan) and *Hetty Thorpe* (Miss Shannon) for *George Heathcott* (Mr. Ratcliffe), and the greed for money which makes up the life of *Gaffer Kingsley* (Mr. Le Moyne). Naturally the miser wishes his stepson, who may

have either of the sisters, to marry the rich one, but, like all stage stepsons, *George* prefers *Hetty* and thereby creates unpleasantness in the breasts of the *Gaffer* and *Katherine*. The *Gaffer* isn't at all a nice old gentleman, so he poisons *Hetty*, not fatally, but just enough to get himself into the power of those he is trying to make unhappy, and to make *Katherine* conclude to fall in love with another young man, which she does and marries him.

These complications give two members of the Lyceum company opportunities which they avail themselves of excellently. This being the first production of "Squire Kate" on any stage, Mr. Le Moyne has an opportunity to add another to his list



THE POISONING.

of artistic creations. The *Gaffer* is well within the eccentric province where Mr. Le Mayne's powers are strongest and the result is as clever and original a piece of character acting as we have seen for some time. In places it rises well above this level, especially in the rage he depicts when he learns that he is likely to be disappointed in his hopes of *Katherine's* money. Another particularly effective bit is the interview with *George*, which precedes the poisoning.

Miss Cayvan, who has been somewhat open to the charge of stolidity, gets away from this fault at some points. She retains one or two disagreeable mannerisms, but in places notably the climax where she learns that *Hetty* is the real object of *George's* affections, she shows a vivid appreciation of the requirements of the part.

Next to these, the most conspicuous figure is that of *Jasper*, the old shepherd who furnishes the poison which endangers *Hetty's* life, and who also provides the antidote which brings the play to a comparatively happy ending. Mr. Walcot gives to this part a heartiness and breeziness, combined with horse sense, which establishes at once the audience's confidence in his ability to straighten things out. The other parts are so thoroughly subordinated to the leading ones that they call for little effort on the part of those who support them. In the case of two or three of them it would add to the strength of the piece if they could be subordinated yet further—even to the point of elimination.

"Squire Kate" contains one rather clever bit of satire on the medical profession, and LIFE respectfully suggests that



NATURALLY.

"AND WHAT IS THE NAME OF YOUR FIANCÉ?"

"SMITH."

"O DEAR ME! HOW DO YOU TELL HIM FROM ALL THE REST OF THEM?"

"BY HIS FIRST NAME; IT IS JOHN."

Mr. Frohman give a professional matinée to which our friends the prescribers should be invited. It might let them see the stage performing its noblest function in holding the mirror up to nature.

The piece is certainly a successful production. It is healthy in tone, artistic in construction, and quite up to the standard of excellence hitherto maintained at the Lyceum.

Metcalfe.



SIMPLY IGNORANCE.

"THAT FELLOW, HALL, OUGHT TO BE BANISHED FROM POLITE SOCIETY. HE'S A PERFECT BOOBY."

"HOW SO, MR. TUTCHEY?"

"YOU REMEMBER THAT *bon mot* I MADE AT DINNER?"

"YES."

"WELL, HE WAS ILL-MANNERED ENOUGH TO ASK IF IT WAS ORIGINAL WITH ME. THAT SHOWS HOW UNSOPHISTICATED HE IS."

"YES, NOBODY BUT AN IGNORAMUS COULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU WERE SIDNEY SMITH."





THE BIRD OF WISDOM.

THE owl took his hat and his gloves one night,

His sweetheart for to see;

When his daddy asked him where he went,

"On a definite object I'm intent,

"To wit, to woo," said he,

"To wit, to wit, to woo!"

But he scarce had stepped outside the door,

When he could not fail to see

That the sky with clouds was all o'ercast,

The rain was falling hard and fast.

"Too wet to woo," said he;

"Too wet, too wet, to woo!"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"I HAVE a pair of suspenders for every pair of trousers I've got," he said.

"Gracious! how many pairs of suspenders have you got?"

"One pair."—*New York Press.*

LIPSLEY: You know those cigars Miss Beacon sent me for Christmas.

LAPSLEY: Yes.

LIPSLEY: Well, I gave a lot to my friends, and now I haven't any left.

LAPSLEY: What, cigars?

LIPSLEY: No, friends.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A *Tribune* reporter recently witnessed an amusing incident at a railroad station in New Jersey. A waiting passenger stepped over to the counter where newspapers, knickknacks and tobacco were sold and bought a cigar. This he lighted and strolled composedly about the room. Presently the porter of the place approached him and with emphatic Hibernian brogue asked:

"Can you rade?"

"Quite fairly," replied the passenger. "Why?"

"Then what does that sign rade?" demanded the porter, pointing to one on the ticket seller's box.

"No smoking," responded the pilgrim in a deliberate tone.

"Well, that's the rule, d'ye moind?"

"See here," said the transgressor; "can you read?"

"Indade, I can, shure."

"Well, what does that big sign by the cigar case over there say?"

"It says, 'Smoke the King of Clubs cigars.'"

"That's exactly what I was doing. Now which sign must I obey?"

"By the powers! man, but ye have the best of it, and I'll report that Shaney to the company, so I will."—*New York Tribune.*

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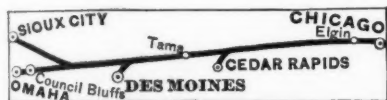
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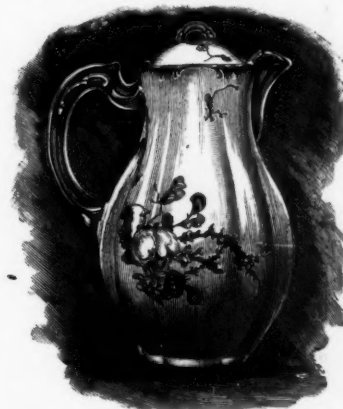
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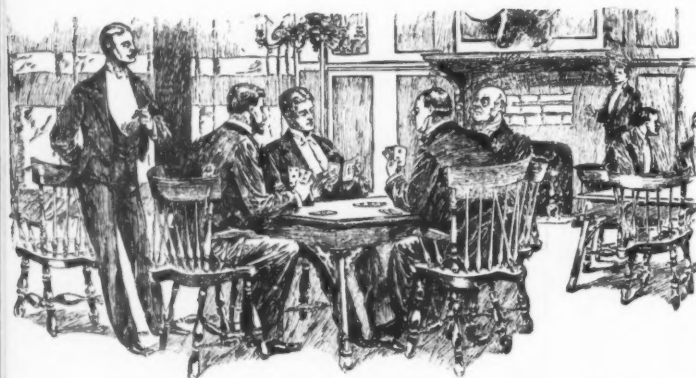
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